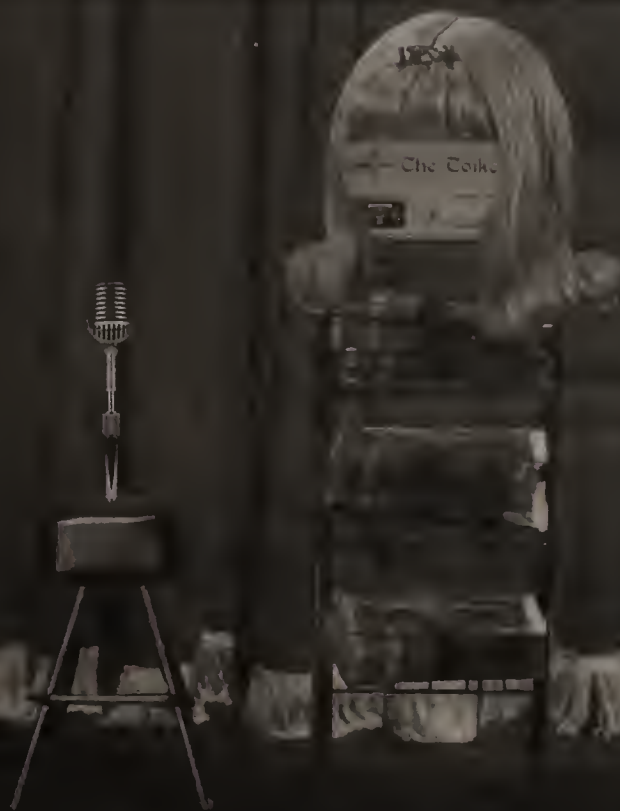


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TOIKE OIKE THE MUSICAL



The Toike Oike

Volume XCVIII - Issue VIII - April 2005

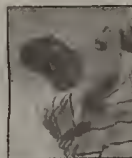
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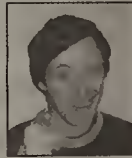
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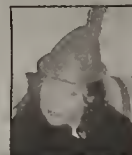
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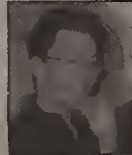
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COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using a computer. The center spread is an actual re-interpretation of Shakespeare's King Lear, rewritten in Dr. Seuss rhyme. If you have read the play before, you should be able to follow along. The body copy is set in Georgia, and the headlines in Myriad.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (even if it's cold outside). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month on the Saturday following distribution. Viva la revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra left-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper do not necessarily reflect those of the Engineering Society or the University of Toronto. In fact, they don't even necessarily reflect the opinions of the writers. If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of crackhead lawyers ready to bring the pain. Sucka.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
students'administrativecouncil

EDITORIAL

So long, farewell, baby bye bye.

Somebody once asked me: "What does the Toike mean to you?" and that got me thinking. While on the surface the Toike is just a campus newspaper, to me the Toike is a metaphor for something more. It is a metaphor for the fact that university is not about your career as much as it is about shaping your outlook on life. Think about it - the first time you picked up a Toike, your life changed. You began to experience new highs, and all of your friends were jealous of your discovery. You liked reading it so much that it secretly freaked you out, but we were all here to comfort you because you are, after all, only human. In fact, since September people come up to me and ask how I manage to put out such a kick ass newspaper each month while dealing with school and any other challenges life brings my way.

My answer to them is always the same.

Somebody (much wiser than myself) once told me that the best way to get a job done is to surround yourself with the right people, and I can -without a doubt- say that this year's Toike team is filled with just that. What other production team can put together a paper

in 1 day? What other group of graphics whizzes can generate fake ads that are so indistinguishable from the real ones that it confuses people? What other group of staff writers can produce quality journalism, the likes of which make other papers jealous? I am convinced that every last one of you fabulous people will become famous writers in the years to come. I'd like to take a moment to thank each and every person who has worked on the Toike this year. You all know who you are, and I tip my hat to each and every one of you.

Well folks, it's been a wild ride. We've laughed together, and we've cried together, but now it's time to say goodbye for another year. Since you'll have to go 4 months without any new Toikes, we decided to make this issue funny enough to get you through the summer. But don't worry... when you get back there'll be a fresh new Toike waiting to welcome you back, and I'm certain that next year's Toike will continue to exceed your expectations.

David Kobayashi

David Kobayashi
Editor-in-Chief

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Good Day to you,

I've started a Toike cult in my local area... I've been hanging around the local preschool and elementary school trying to get the kids to join up, but it's difficult. People just don't seem to understand the message that the Toike is sending.

I believe the Toike spreads a message of Hope... Hope that some day the people in our great world will be ruled by a great all knowing leader. We will be a glorious cult of workers, doing all that we can for our great master, who will lead us with brilliant tyrannical dictation!

We have to spread the message of the Toike... and keep the dream alive my friends!

I will do all that I can.

Warmest regards,
Invisible Hat

Good work Invisible. Getting them hooked early is key. For your loyalty, you'll get your choice of cult-robes. They come in a variety of fashion-forward colours and designs.

Spam detection software, running on the system "toronto.enthropia.com", has identified this incoming email as possible spam. The original message has been attached to this so you can view it (if it isn't spam) or label similar future email. If you have any questions, see the administrator of that system for details. The original message was not completely plain text, and may be unsafe to open with some email clients; in particular, it may contain a virus, or confirm that your address can receive spam. If you wish to view it, it may be safer to save it to a file and open it with an editor.

Yours truly, Mail Daemon

Thanks dude. Show that spam who's boss.



NEWS BRIEFS

MAN COMPELLED TO TELL GOVERNMENT WORKERS HIS LIFE PROBLEMS

YORK (AP) - It started with a trip to register to vote last summer when Gregory Cook first disclosed personal problems he was having with his roommates. Since then it has been an obsession.

"I just needed to get some things off of my chest," he says after the visit. "I figured that since my tax dollars were paying them, they could listen to my complaints."

But Cook was wrong. Shelly Anderson, head of HR for the Government of Canada issued a statement saying, "they do not [have to listen to his drabble]."

"Freedom of speech, Canada! Freedom!" was all Cook had to answer when issued this condemning statement.

MISUNDERSTANDING MAKES "CLOSET" A LESS ROMANTIC DESTINATION

TORONTO (Toike) - Megan Green thought that Jake Williamson was being romantic when he wisked her off into the janitor's closet for a bit of a makeout session. "At the time, I thought he was swept away by me, my beauty and my charm, even though we had only known each other for a few days. Later, I found out that he was actually the janitor of the building by the family photos on the desk. What a let down."

Williamson doesn't deny the romantic connotations that a janitor's office can bring and purposefully avoided discussions about work. "I watched Jordan Catalano seduce Angela Chase enough times on My So-Called Life to know that it could be a turn on for girls: The forbidden and the secluded. Apparently owning the office makes a difference." When asked, Green had seen the mentioned MSCL episode. "I loved Jordan. I think it would have been different if Jordan had been the janitor, but that's probably where he ended up anyway."

TAXPAYERS DISAPPOINTED BY MISAPPROPRIATION OF FUNDS

TORONTO (Reuters) - Taxpayers from all over Toronto were outraged Monday when they actually bothered to read a report indicating where their tax dollars were being spent. The stunning realization that the money was not somehow directly benefiting each and every taxpayer was a shock to those who do not understand the concept of taxes, but have nonetheless paid them for up to 60 years.

Said one disgruntled citizen, Janise Leigh, "Wait, so, some of my tax dollars go to the transit system? I don't ever ride the subway. That makes NO sense, whatsoever. It's my money!"

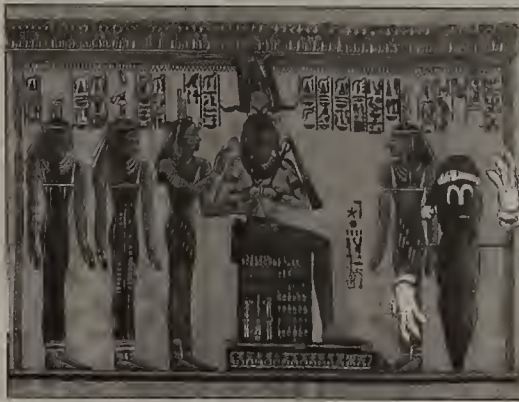
Said another, Frank Millwood, "I was kind of under the impression that taxes were directly affecting my life some how; like, maybe government people were coming and watering my lawn while I was at work, because I paid my taxes. Then I find out that I'm helping to pay for people who need medical care? I'm confused." Needless to say, city hall has reported countless calls from complete idiots.

Flushing Matters: A Message from President Iacobucci

UoT (Toike) - A mandatory toilet flushing protocol was finally agreed upon by U of T's superiors last Tuesday. President Iacobucci made a public statement announcing that this practice will become effective immediately, affecting all campus facilities. This decision came nine months after the Medical Science building was closed and fumigated, to deal with a mysterious infestation problem.

Iacobucci stated: "We've seen an increase in unflushed toilets campus-wide, and I want all students to know of the seriousness of this issue." He went on to say, "I understand the commodity that comes with not flushing. I mean, hell, I like to admire my dumps every once and a while, like any other good man. But we recently had an incident which must be made public."

Nine months ago, a student, whose name was withheld, entered a cafeteria washroom stall to find an unflushed toilet. Out of frustration, the toilet was not flushed and the student went about his business, doing his part to add to the fecal matter. By the end of the day, several other students had provided their digested meals to the pile of excrement. Iacobucci indicated that "with the ongoing situation of asbestos in that building, some sort of reaction



took place with the waste and within minutes, what we like to call a 'Shit-Monster' was born."

The situation, seemingly an anomaly, has been documented several times throughout human history. In ancient Egypt, early scrolls (inset) depict an evil festering beast that flung feces at the dead as they crossed into the underworld. It was said that only the strongest individuals could stand up to the fecal warrior and continue their journey into the afterlife. During the

construction of the Titanic, it was claimed that several men were sealed within the shell and the hull of the boat when the final soldering was made. But in fact, stories are now beginning to surface that a mischievous brown monster, a byproduct of the builder's outhouses, had been demobilized and sealed within the hull, never to be heard from again. More recently, Hans Augusto Rey's encounter with "an odd, little man covered in pudding" after a drunken night at a fine Hamburg establishment spawned the children's classic,

Curious George.

The university's aptly named 'Shit-Monster' was no different from its ancestral forefathers. After being first discovered, the crappy creature leapt away to the Sodexho cafeteria, walking over all the food and spreading its stench. Remarkably, the Sodexho food was still served and no one noticed any difference in taste or food quality. The putrid tyrant continued its rampage until meeting its match in long-time serving facilities coordinator, Morris Mullins. Remembering his military training and toilet cleaning procedure from the Vietnam War, Mullins grabbed a nearby firehose and doused the creature with water.

Iacobucci closed by saying: "With the help of Morris Mullins and the Shit-Monster fully hydrated with a diarrhea-like consistency, exterminators were able to expel the beast from our campus. We are happy that this situation was contained quickly, and a big thanks goes to Mr. Mullins and the cleaning crew. No longer will we be terrorized by the Shit-Monster and its horrible trail of corn." Iacobucci reminded the students to flush after every number and said that courtesy flushes may also be required as a safety precaution.

- Stuart Gots

Avocados Declare War on Chemistry

OTTAWA (Sun) - In a statement released early Thursday morning, the avocados of the world have declared a war on chemistry. The avocados' spokesperson had this to say: "We are fed up with the frequent confusion between the chemist Avogadro, and us. People are always trying to give 6.02 * 10²³ of us to moles, even though moles don't even like avocados! It makes no fucking sense!"

The avocados have the backing of the ozone layer, which has been in a constant struggle with chemistry for several decades, as well as physics, which claims chemistry is a "poser" science. It has been made public that chemistry has recently signed a pact with the Bush administration, and last night, the United States issued a statement warning the world against the potential danger of the Al-vocado terrorist organization.

AP investigators have been able to acquire several morsels of information about the tactics used by chemistry. According to one reporter, chemistry plans to use deception tactics to capture the avocados and throw them into a fission reactor in order to superheat them beyond the boiling point. At this point,

chemistry will be able to apply the ideal gas law. Sources in the avocado camp report that the avocados are working on developing a special compound to inject into each soldier so that chemistry will revert to the much feared Van der Waals equation. However, given the nature of the situation, this process is somewhat of a paradox, and as of yet has not met with much success.

Furthermore, investigators have discovered the existence of a special weapon in the avocados' camp. The weapon is a large ball with two moles running around in it. The size of the ball has been estimated at 22.4 litres. Strategists have been working fervently to uncover the significance of this weapon ever since it was reported.

The most damaging effect of the war, sociologists predict, is to the economy of Mexico. Guacamole is Mexico's second highest export (next to people), and the loss of the guacamole could be one that Mexico never recovers from. Preparations are already being made to auction off the ruins of the ancient Mayas to bolster the economy. Donald Trump, among others, has shown great interest.

- Dave Rutt

Student fails MCAT

TORONTO (Toike) - Gary Grant, a 3rd year life sciences student from University College, was completely dumbfounded when his MCAT results came back as a dismal failure. "I don't understand it: I'm a total nerd, I have absolutely no social life, and my handwriting is neat like a girl's." The reasons for Grant's failure were genuinely unclear to him at the time, despite his overgrown sideburns and secretions of stupid-juice in the corners of his mouth.

Upon interviewing the MCAT marking committee, which was responsible for branding Grant as a complete quack, it was uncovered that the reason behind Grant's rejection was in fact his overly neat handwriting. "We simply cannot

allow such irresponsible people like Mr. Grant into the field of medicine. Can you imagine what would happen if people could read their own prescriptions? There would no longer be a need for doctors!" claimed Dr. Garmichael of the University of Toronto immediately before entering a violent fit and running into a nearby wall, screaming out "it's all over, people; they know about the prescription scam."

Despite his less-than-adequate performance on the MCAT, Grant was recently admitted into York University for studies in Medicine on a full scholarship for being in the 90th percentile of his new class.

- Anton Bassel

Tony St. James Launches Name-sake Award Show; Immediately Sued by Several People



Above: Some Other Guy Named Tony

BROOKLYN (NY Times) - For as long as he can remember, 35-year-old Tony St. James has wanted his own awards show. While the other tykes in the neighbourhood were watching cartoons on Saturday morning, Tony was pouring over VHS tapes filled with Oscar speeches and Grammy musical performances, praying each night beside his race-car shaped bed that some day, some how, he would fund an awards show.

Now, that dream has come to an unfortunate end for St. James. Last month, Tony released press packages for what he dubbed, "The Greatest Awards Show of All Times", entitled, Tony's Award Show. According to the press release, it was to be filmed on a moderate budget in the basement of his parent's house, with a potluck banquet to follow at Brooklyn's own Milford Banquet Hall and Convention Centre. Potato chips, soda pop, ice and plastic tableware were to be provided. Celebrities slated to attend included Catherine Zeta Jones, William Shatner, and John Wayne, to name a few, although a disclaimer accompanied the press release noting that these personalities were "subject to availability".

Astonishingly, in all those years as an awards show enthusiast, a sector of American society that has gained rampant popularity based on the love of long speeches and self-congratulatory celebrities, Tony had failed to recognize the existence of another award

show called, unfortunately enough, the Tony's™. Most recognize the event as a Broadway institution that honours the year's best in acting, singing, and prancing.

Despite the fact that it is known the world over, Tony's outright hatred for musical theatre made him oblivious, thus causing the misunderstanding. St. James pleaded naïveté regarding the incident, although he was immediately sued by The Tony's™ Inc. and although he did not actually use the sophisticated word "naïveté" to defend his idioy.

In an unfortunate and rather ironic turn of events, St. James was also instantaneously sued by his ex-wife, Toni, who claimed that the idea for a new award show was her idea. She also claimed he was an asshole, but this was not actually included in the libel suit.

- Annie Noland

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Alternatives to Marriage



Lately I've been noticing that we're at "that age". As we go through university I've come to realize that a lot of people who are in relationships right now will be in those relationships for the rest of their lives. And that iron ring will mean little when compared to the ring next to it. Well, if you're left-handed.

I thought about this and it dawned on me how far away I am from marriage. So I've decided that I must prepare for this life of no-marriage and I made a list of other things I can do.

Start a zoo: See, most women would try to fill that empty void with lots and lots of cats. I would go one step further and buy every animal ever. Then I'd make them all mate and have one super crazy creature I will call monstromeegasaurion. He will stomp on buildings and eat happy people.

Become a ship's captain: A friend of mine said "Everyone thinks marriage is great which is why they're doing it... but what if it wasn't so special?" That's why when I become captain of a ship I'll marry anyone and anything. That didn't come out right. I'll marry anyone

TO anything. So if you're feeling a bit amorous towards your iPod, come see me and I'll make it legal.

Clone myself: Now most people get married because they're pregnant. If there's another reason to get married I haven't heard it. If I don't get married, then I won't be having kids. Hopefully. But I still want my name to live on. And the next best way to reproduce is asexually. Now I'm not sure how it works, but it can't be too hard. I assume it involves a syringe and some of my hair.

Have a snack: I'm pretty hungry right now and a wedding is just one big party with food. So I think I'll just grab some chicken with my friend Angela and it'll be like I'm married.

Die alone: Eventually a time will come when I realize that marriage just isn't for me. And I will accept it gracefully and live my life of solitude.

So if I don't get married hopefully one of my plans will pan out. I'm really counting on the monstromeegasaurion to take over the world.

- Mei Ling Chen

TOIKE OIKE - The Musical

ACT i ACT ii

Scene 1 (Down on the farm)

Hey, Let's Roll in the Hay!
(Johnny, Betty)

The Cows Are Alive, With the Sounds of Moo-sic
(Bertha the Cow, Uncle Ted, and Company)

Fiddler on the Silo
(Betty and Martha)

I Enjoy Being a Squirrel
(Squirrelly Joe and Company)

Scene 2 (At the local fruit-smoothie shop)

All That Razz-berry
(Janice and Lucille)

The Cell Block Mango
(Female Company)

Old Man Pervert
(Company)

Scene 1 (Miller's Butcher Shop)

Phantom of the Choppera
(Mr. Miller)

Scene 2 (Back on the Farm)

Hey, Let's Roll in the Hay (reprise)
(Betty, again... and Cousin Danny)

Tomorrow, Tomorrow, I'll Regret That, Tomorrow
(Little Orphan Jannie and Betty)

Scene 3 (In Town)

When You're a Pet
(The Dogs and Cats)

Always Follow Your Fart
(Otis)

Finale: Always Follow Your Fart (reprise)
(Company)



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FIDEL CASTRO SuperStar!

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DANDRUFF
THE MUSICAL

IT'S THE STUNNING
SEQUEL TO HAIRSPRAY...



The Tale

ANNE LANGE

Come gather, my friends, and I'll tell you a tale
(The rights of which are not up for resale)

Of danger and anguish and love and betrayal
And a boy who did all that he could not to fail.

His mom was ecstatic; his dad more than pleased
Upon his acceptance to the U of T:

"Oli son, our great son, we can't wait to see
All the brilliant and wonderful things you will be."

Soon after arrival, the son came to know
That blood, sweat and tears were the things he would show;

So quickly, he lost his warm frosh week glow
And promised himself he'd get a 4 point 0.

Well reading and study can get you so far
Until one day you realize you're still over par

So one day while he sat and he smoked his cigar,
He knew his conclusion was not too bizarre:

"I'll sell them my soul, yeah, that's what I'll do,
And classes no longer will make me feel blue."

"You give it to them, and they give back to you
A promise that no matter what, you'll get through."

To Roberts he went, to a man they call Fred:
"I know of an F word that cannot be said,"

"Each day I wake up and it fills me with dread;
I'll give you my soul and take passing instead."

He passed him his T-Card, and Fred typed it in
('cause T-Cards are where all these bad things begin)

Fred looked at him with a wink and a grin,
"Don't worry, my son, education ain't sin."

He felt a bit lighter, his head not so dark,
He knew that now school was a walk in the park,

And walk he did do, he walked right on through--
Four years from that day, he was ranked number 2.

Now the day of his grad it dawned nice and sunny
But when he woke up, our kid, he felt funny.

"Perhaps I've forgot something I'm s'posed to do?
I took all my vitamins; yes, I took two."

And all through the ceremony, he didn't know what
Was bothering him, down, way deep in his gut.

But then, at the end, as he held his degree,
He heard someone close to him giggle, "Tee-hee!"

And there right behind him was Fred at his back,
"Now come with me son; you've a date with the stacks."

And our boy disappeared, on that very day;
But look twice, my friends, at your favourite T.A.

Richard Coque, Private Dick

AND THE CASE OF THE SHAVEN PUSSY

It was a starry night. I could see it through the holes of my closed office blinds while I fornicated myself to some pictures I took at the hotel the night before. As I was about to clean up my ejaculate, there came a knocking on my newly lettered door which reads "Richard Coque, Private Dick."

Soon, and before I knew it, she walked into my life like a copper who had just caught a burglar white-handed. "By Jove, sir, I do beseech your forgiveness for this intrusion," she said, covering up her innocent doll eyes as if she didn't like what she saw.

As she ignored me in my cowering position, all she said was: "Mr. Coque, is it? French, I presume. However, it's 2 o'clock in the afternoon, have a look for yourself," she said while turning open my semi-effective blinds.

I offered her a glass of French Cream as I replaced my pants.

"No, thank you Mr. Coque. I just had a quick fill-me-up this morning. I am here on urgent business. You see, my pussy has been violated."

Suddenly I gained an unexplained in-



terest in my line of work. "Oh, go on, Miss... I don't believe I've had the pleasure of having your name."

"Ms. Kits; here is my problem. After taking my pussy to the groomer's for a quick trim, I took a glimpse at my dearest pussy to see what the latest style was, and I realized that something had gone wrong. For you see, Mr. Coque, the trim was not at all what I had in mind. I confronted the groomer, but he simply refused to acknowledge his mistake, claiming that my pussy is better off without the coat. I had been wronged, Mr. Coque."

"And what exactly is it you want me to do about all of this, Ms. Kits?" I asked as I stared down at her sumptuous breasts.

"I want you to dig up all the dirt you can on this groomer so that I could blackmail him. You see, I cannot take a matter like this to the courts: my pussy is far too sensitive for such exposure."

"I'll do it," I said. "But first, I'll need to take a look at that pussy of yours. You know... just to get a feel for what kind of scumbag groomer we're dealing with."

"Of course, Mr. Coque. But please be considerate, the memories are still all too fresh in my mind."

They didn't come in any easier than this broad. Then she did what I only thought a woman would do if she was given ten shots of vodka and some money: she started to pull on her sleek mini-dress, revealing more and more of those delicate long legs until I could see the rims of her stockings. I could watch her pull all day; there didn't really seem to be an end to her dress.

You could imagine how disappointed I was when she came to a pocket under her dress and pulled out a picture of her damn hairless cat. I never trusted a broad with a British accent again.

- A. J. Bassel

The Soundtrack of my Life Won't Give Me a Moment's Peace

I'm not sure how many times this has happened to others, but I know that when the old soundtrack starts to kick in, it's hard to make it shut up. And the music swells and I know that it's time for me to shoot my own dog. I might not have known it otherwise, but those crazy violins just tell me that it's true. I have lost too many dogs that way. And when I think that my mother has been diagnosed with a terminal illness... it's just too many times to count.

Which is why I have come to the conclusion to fire that stupid orchestra that has been following me around since birth and get rid of the annoying suggestiveness of a full string section. It just takes away some of the guess work, like my life is being dolled out into little



packages called scenes and edited into a longer work.

My parents joined me to an orchestra when I was just a child because they thought it would make me smarter. And the truth is, it has. I haven't had to suffer with the disturbing thoughts about a cheating boyfriend—I can easily

tell from the music. Disturbing music = disturbed boyfriend.

In the early days, it was kind of interesting having a theme and a dramatic coda and "versions" of my theme played around me. None of the other kids had one. But as I got older, I started to question whether or not this was a mechanism of my parent's rigid control over me. It seemed that every boy was cheating on me and every time we started to kiss, it would fade to black and we would awkwardly knock heads.

So now I believe that this orchestra is holding me back. I'll try to lose them in this crowd! < Cue Chase Music >

-Lena Schuck

8 Ball - Corner Pocket, Bitch

The heads of everyone at O'Henry's pub rotated like an ABM radar array as they tracked the 8-ball as it rolled excruciatingly towards the upper right pocket. Their eyes blazed with a mixture of anticipation and terror and their faces were covered with

sweat. Eons seemed to pass, the only sound they heard was the rush of their own blood. The spell only broke when the ball finally dropped into the pocket, and a wild cheer went up from the assembled crowd, at least 80 strong. And yet the cheer contained within it an unmistakable undercurrent of fear. For Esteban Piltowski had just won his 18th straight game of pool – and the 18th game of pool he had ever played in his life.

Recounts acquaintance Joe Ischemic: "I never had any idea that Esteban played pool – in fact, I was under the impression that he didn't know how. Whenever I saw him at a pub he was always avoiding the pool tables – he wouldn't even watch anyone else play, let alone play himself". Ex-girlfriend Anna Karenina said "Esti was a bit too strange for me – he was nice and all, but he had



a very disconcerting habit of carrying a laser rangefinder with him everywhere we went, and he would spend at least one hour on the computer every night, from exactly 12 to 1, and would never let me see he what he was up to. I always thought it was just porn, but now I see it was much worse".

Indeed, while Piltowski refused to be interviewed for this article, on winning the final 18th game he was heard mumbling the following prayer "I dedicate this winning streak and my future domination of pool to the Holy Trinity of James Gosling, David Filo, and Jerry Yang".

Extensive research by this eminent journalist has revealed Gosling to be a creator of the Java programming language, and Filo and Yang to be the creators of the Yahoo! Internet portal. On

this basis, and sworn testimony by a person identified as Piltowski's mother who shall not be named, this eminent journalist concludes that Piltowski has reached this transcendental level of skill by playing the web-based Yahoo! Pool game. Says gaming expert and

all-around ladies man Praveer Sharma: "With a sufficient, indeed maniacal level of practice, it is possible for the dedicated gamer to obtain such a good sense of cue motion and angle that his skill can be directly translated to the real-life situation, and in this case the world of amateur and professional pool has certainly been shaken to the core by this young man's arrival. And ladies, I'm like American Express: you don't want to leave home without me". Ahem, yes, thank you Dr. Sharma.

It is not difficult to see why the atmosphere in the pub was one of trepidation – everyone knew that their way of playing pool, indeed, their way of life had changed. And in this new world order, the pathetic geek playing as PoolG0d49 would reign triumphant.

-Praveer Sharma

The Ultimate Personality Test

...without further ado, I present The Ultimate Personality Test That Will Tell You Everything About Yourself That You Ever Wanted To Know. Ever.

- Where would your ideal first date be?
 - A stroll through a park
 - Clubbing
 - A rock concert
 - Rooting through a dumpster for dinner
- Which would you rather have as a pet?
 - A cat
 - A dog
 - A Cadog - an animal with the head of a cat and the body of a dog
 - A small boy
- Which is your favourite FOX entertainment show?
 - Cops
 - Jerry Springer
 - Judge Judy
 - FOX News
- Which is your favourite Swedish Prime Minister?
 - Ola Ullsten
 - Ingvar Carlsson
 - Carl Bildt
 - Goran Persson
- On what basis did you choose your field of study?
 - Tossed a coin
 - Picked a card
 - Rolled a dice
 - Forced by parents
- Which is your favourite category of food?
 - Animal
 - Vegetable
 - Mineral
 - Spiritual
- Which TTC route do you consider most scenic?
 - 7 Bathurst North
 - 45 Kipling North
 - 95 York Mills West
 - 99 Arrow Road South
- What type of sausage do you prefer?
 - Italian
 - Polish
 - German
 - Tom Green's
- Which Hollywood stars would you most like to see playing a gay couple in a motion picture?
 - Brad Pitt and Johnny Depp
 - Ben Affleck and Matt Damon
 - Vin Diesel and Dwayne Johnson
 - Samuel Jackson and Whoopi Goldberg
- How much do you weigh in Newtons?
 - Less than 500
 - Between 500 and 750
 - Between 750 and 1000
 - More than 1000

For each time you answered:

- give yourself 4 points,
- give yourself 3 points,
- give yourself 2 points, and
- give yourself 1 point and a wedge.

Add up your points and consult the following chart!

If you scored between 11 and 20 points: Perky and vivacious; like an electron-neutrino (ve), you bring joy to peoples' lives.

If you scored between 20 and 30 points: With two feet always on the ground and a clear view of the future, like a Zo boson you are a pillar of strength for your loved ones.

If you scored between 30 and 40 points: Your immense creativity may make you intimidating, but yet like an antimuon (μ+) you always remain humble.

If you scored between 40 and 50 points: Your quiet, introverted personality hides behind it a great source of inner strength, and like an up-quark (u) you never give up.

If you scored 10 points: You are in excruciating pain.

Puppets Clash Over Public Image

A recent run of the Broadway musical "Avenue Q" has sparked controversy among puppets. The Tony Award-winning show has stirred up unhappy opinions from the stars of Sesame Street, with several of the show's cast rallying to have the musical banned from running in North America.

"When it first came out," recalls Elmo, one of the show's veteran puppets, "Elmo thought it would be fun. Elmo wanted to see more furry monsters like himself on Broadway. Elmo likes Broadway!" But when Elmo, along with fellow puppets, realised that Avenue Q wasn't on the same level as their lovable children's show, they decided something had to be done.

8ig 8ird, another Sesame Street veteran, explained that some puppets felt threatened. "We have a certain reputation to maintain. Puppets are friendly; that's how the public sees us. Avenue Q introduced puppets that were crude and vulgar; hardly as loveable as we

are." Big 8ird led a protest outside the musical's venue for two weeks, but with little success. "People thought it was some sort of promotion. I think I made people want to see it more."

But while some cast took action, others sat back and laughed. "You should have seen them," chuckles Oscar the Grouch. "They were making picket signs, but spent five minutes trying to remember which crayon was the red one. Absolutely hilarious! I've seen Avenue Q twice and I don't feel threatened at all. I never had a reputation of being friendly to begin with!"

The cast of Avenue Q could not be reached for comments on their fellow puppets' actions, but a spokesperson explained that the general consensus on cast was that "the wusses on Sesame Street should stop being such pansies and join the 21st century, no matter how offensive it may be."

- Sean Hockin

Queen's Park Monster Sighted; Eats Biker



Apparently the lake-sized pools of water in Central Toronto's Queen's Park has proved to contain more hazard for pedestrians than soggy feet. Onlookers were astonished Tuesday as what is being called the "Queen's Park Monster" came above the surface of the murky water long enough to catch an unsuspecting biker in its icy, muddy jaws and devour him.

No remains were found of the unfortunate biker, whose name was not released. There have also been no definitive further sightings of "Queenie," the monster. There have been several calls

to Toronto police regarding alleged tail or eye spitting, but so far these claims are inconclusive.

University of Toronto scientists explain the sudden appearance of the monster as a consequence of the budding spring.

"The snow is melting, the sun is shining, and little birdies are hatching out of their eggs," Dr. Philip Feltsman told reporters, "Why can't little monsters hatch too?"

In terms of believers, an impromptu "SAVE QUEENIE" convention has begun, organized by U.M.M., or the Urban Monsters Movement. A counter-convention has also been organized by H.E.L.M.E.T. (Help Every Last Man Exercising in Toronto), of which the anonymous biker would surely have been a part of, had he not been tragically and unexpectedly ingested.

- Anne Lange

TOIKE PRESENTS:

How Timmy Saved Reading Week



One day in the small quiet town of Toronto...

Jasper: Oh no! The Town Illiterate's done it again! Now we'll never get the books to the orphans in time. Reading Week is ruined!

Timmy: Don't worry 8ig J, I've got a plan! [starts climbing the water tower]

Jasper: No, Timmy! Be careful!

Illiterate: Muahaha! You'll never catch me! [waves boxes of books in the air and laughs maniacally]

Timmy: Give me the books, old man. Don't be crazy!

Illiterate: You university kids always talk about your books! Well let's see you talk about them now! [throws books off water tower]

Jasper: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

[Timmy dives off water tower to catch them. He dies and the books land on top of him]

Jasper: Timmy's dead! Look what you did, you bastard!

Timmy: I'm not dead!

Illiterate: you're right. I now see the error of my ways. I will go to school and learn to read. For Timmy.

Jasper: At least the books are alright. Now the orphans can get their books. And Reading Week is safe again. Thanks Timmy, wherever you are.

[Random hot sorority girl appears on screen.]

Girl: Oh, Jasper, seeing Timmy's act of courage has made me realise that I...I love you.

Jasper: oh, hot sorority girl, I love you too.

- Mei Ling Chen

Available For Immediate Occupancy. Writers Wanted



Be Creative and Reach Thousands
http://toike.skule.ca or email toike@skule.ca

writers
graphic artists
sketch artists
cartoonists
distribution volunteers



Today's word of the day is: Calculus [cal-cue-gasm]

- 1) Saying questions are easy when truly, they are not
- 2) Frantic writing including: poor grammar, left out words and letters followed by (when having finished the proof) answering all questions yes! Yes! YES!
- 3) Taking the derivative of the inverse square of life with respect to death times the square root of -1 as t approaches (1 - your last mark) > 0 such that the function is continuous. The professor then inevitably manages to come up with the answer 42, beyond all odds.
- 4) The professor invents the soup-le-mont (aka. supplement) which includes numerous axioms that ask you to prove that 1+0 using the fact that 1 doesn't equal 0. He/she then produces such a tremendous and perfect proof that he/she then falls to his/her knees and asks the nearest wonk to turn out the lights.
- 5) The limit as proof approaches calculus = supplementary axioms.

If you notice any of these symptoms please contact your nearest English textbook (or dictionary, if need be) and begin reading. If physical spasms do not subside in either the professor or in your classmates, contact the nearest hospital immediately. Please do not pass Go. If you collect \$200, give it to the Toike.

CLASSIFIEDS

MERCH FOR SALE

MOOT POINT. Fits any size rectum. Deano, 555-2938.

BADASSNESS in a can. Don't make me open it. Call Dave 555 6307.

SIEGE TANK. 150 Minerals, 100 Vespene gas. Cody, 555-2939.

VACUUM CLEANER. Doesn't leave rings around your penis! Sweet! Romita, 555-3949.

MIGHTY HAMMER. Good for smiting giants and puny mortals. Thor, 555-9595.

MECHANICAL PENCIL. Comes with 0.5mm lead, eraser, and a single public hair. Rich Mills, 555-8403.

SEXUAL FAVOURS. Every favour more sexual than the last. Rennick, 555-1029.

THE VAGARIES OF YOUTH. Willing to trade time for the vaginas of youth. Rob, 555-7394

ROCKET powered tampons. Get into those hard to reach places. Amanda, 555-4094.

T-SQUARE. Seat your children with something metric. Kranz, 555-0294.

THE NOTEBOOK. Cry and moan until the pages are sticky with... uh... tears. Rick, 555-5099.

MY BODY. Guaranteed action on the first date. May, 555-6544.

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND materia. Lay a serious ass kicking on that white-haired freak. Cloud, 555-5686.

UNSUNG HEROES. If you ever write songs about them I will cut you. Paulie, 555-0404.

NACHO CHEESE. It's not your cheese yet but soon my precious, soon. Monica, 555-6468.

MERCH WANTED

CHLOROFORM needed for my hot date tonight. Some rags would be nice to have too. Angelo, 555-7858.

DIAPHRAGM. Must not rupture under heavy loads. Ashgriz, 555-5945.

A SET of balls and a spine. Call Jon A. Cannon 555 7729.

MOLOTOV COCKTAILS needed to complete my Kill Frenzy! Hurry! Bob, 555-0999.

CAREBEARS COUNTDOWN. Really, where can I get one of these? Henrik, 555-6099.

GARGOYLE newspaper needed to use as a gloryhole. My Varsity's are all soggy. Dave, 555-3569.

MISTLETOE. You're a dead man Baldu! Loki, 555-5913.

PRIVATE DICK needed to not share its STDs. I itch all over and the sores are starting to ooze. E. Nimer, 555-6905.

HELP WANTED

PIEFUCKER needed to fuck a pie. Pastry-fucking exp. an asset. Stefano, 555-3089.

PORN STAR needed to suck a golf ball through a hose. Rom, 555-8652.

PLAYER HATERS needed to hate on some playas yo. Brrrrrup! Egor, 555-2049.

LESBIANS needed to suck my cock. It's a colloquialism! It means 'play with my junk'. Superheat, 555-1929.

FREE SEX with drunk, nubile stuffed animals. Stuff them harder than that dismembered hobo you had to fit in your trunk. Nacho, 555-0959.

VAGRANTS wanted for a good corn-huling. Free coffee provided. Reino, 555-9509.

MAN-SERVANT. Must have hairy nipples that he'll allow me to milk daily. Arek, 555-4858.

BLITZBALL PLAYERS needed to defeat the Al Bhed Psyches, those dirty motherfuckers. Wakka, 555-3832.

JESUS walks among us! Get him!! Rabbi Kurtz.

ONE last classified ad. Call Dave.

NEWS BRIEFS

VENGA BOYS RINGTONE LEADS TO SPONTANEOUS SUBWAY PARTY

TORONTO (Toike) - Rich Newburgh and Susan Peters were working the 2-6pm "late lunch 'n' dinner" shift at the Bay-Charles Subway Sandwich shop when Rich's phone rang, filling the eatery with a melodious digitized version of "Sex on the Beach" by the VengaBoys. Apparently all work in the shop ceased for two minutes, while Rich's mom was made to leave a message.

"All of a sudden I was just overcome with this hyper bouncy desire to dance and have a party!" said Peters, while in the background Newburgh continued to do a fancy salsa move, crying "We're going to Ibiza!!!" to customers who ventured past the counter.

COMPETITIVE SISTER TAKES PREGNANCY TO THE COMPETITION RING

YORK (AP) - It started when Julia Smakers got married younger. Not first, but younger. Amber Hinin had to concede the point. But first (baby) blood was going to be hers. And she did it. But the battle was fierce. And at some points it looked to be either woman's game, but in the end, due to some strong induction drugs, Amber came in first with a lightweight girl just over five pounds. Julia's baby, coming only three days later, weighed a healthy eight.

It asks the ethical question of jeopardizing the health of your baby for a fierce sense of competition. Julia's doctor was not willing to comment.

'AMBER ALERT' CANNED AFTER RATINGS FALL

TORONTO (Reuters) - With a powerful opening run, the honeymoon period for 'Amber Alert,' a way of getting information out about kidnappings and other offenses, has been cancelled after a lackluster past year. The head of the department responsible for Amber Alert commented, "Our ratings have just been plummeting since the whole Elizabeth Smart thing. We just can't capture that kind of audience anymore, since the boom of reality TV. People just aren't interested."

This comes as a surprise to pundits who saw it as a way of saving the lives of the innocent, but recognize the falling appeal of this type of mass information system.

There was also a problem with hackers putting up their own messages. In November 2004, all Amber Alert systems told "Todd" that "D&D will be at Larry's place" and people began scouring the ravines of their neighbourhood. One child was injured in this pursuit.

UNCHECKED SPENDING... DELICIOUS?

OTTAWA (AP) - In a stunning press conference today Paul Martin announced that a land of chocolate was to be established in one of the Atlantic Provinces. Said Martin, "As long as I'm wasting tax payer money on stupid things like free daycare to make my party look good - caring mother-figure good - I figured I should blow some more cash on a land of chocolate to finalize the process. A couple bites of the nugget town hali and Canada is a one-party state!" Stephen Harper countered with a proposal that the money instead be spent on subsidized car-washes for the wealthy.

Israeli Parliament OKs Withdrawal Method

TEL AVIV (BBC) - Israeli affairs may never be the same after one of the more surprising announcements in recent weeks was made by Israeli parliament. Coming out of an exhaustive series of meetings with his caucus, Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon has officially made plans for Israel to withdraw from all sexual activity before ejaculation.

"This is limited to, but does not necessarily include fellatio," a resolute Sharon declared in front of several television cameras outside of parliament.

The talks were said to be long and hard, with the new coalition eventually carving out the way in which all affairs, flings, and common fornicating will be conducted. The general consensus maintained that condoms were the method of choice during sexual intercourse. However, if the protection was considered unreliable, Israel would prefer that all explosions take place outside of Jewish walls.

Deputy Prime Minister Ehud Olmert made it perfectly clear where Israel will be pulling out. In a speech earlier today, Olmert declared that a full withdrawal must take place "everywhere within Gaza Strip Clubs, in Hezekiah's Tunnels, at Ammunition Hill."

This is not the first time a nation's government has recommended or dictated the sexual activities of its citizens. The practice of oral sex and sodomy is illegally enjoyed in some parts of the United States of America.

Several sex experts highlight the risks involved when utilizing the withdrawal method, as it is highly possible to contract sexually transmitted diseases and get knocked up big-time. Foreign affairs analysts are also concerned that Sharon's recent decision may contribute to an increase in Israel's population. Professor Avi Abstein of the School of Political Sciences at the University of Haifa notes that the approval of the withdrawal method in early nineteenth century China was what led to overpopulation and the eventual "one-child policy".

Abstein also notes that the nation's approval of withdrawing as a method of birth control conflicts strongly with Sharon's previous agenda. "Most striking," Abstein concludes, "is the way in which the recent endorsement contradicts the Diaphragm Act in 2003, which was part of the child-prevention agreement under the now famous 'Roadmap to Peace of Mind'."

-Darcy Cooney

Percentage Distribution for Quiz 1
Average: 81.51%
Out of: 20, Total: 124
Standard Deviation: 16.28%



BREAKING NEWS: Histogram flips class the bird



BITCHUARIES

Theatre World Mourns A Legend

NEW YORK - (Toike) The theatre-going world has put down its four dollar java and removed its non-functional sunglasses to mourn the death of a legend. Sebastian Hamstring, a seasoned off-off Broadway performer died in his home yesterday at the age of forty-one. His death was as dramatic as his career, some say, as the coroner has released the details of Hamstring's untimely death.

Hamstring was in his kitchen cooking his favourite bacon-breakfast smoothies without a shirt on. Some grease apparently spattered up from the pan and

onto his bare chest. Reacting quickly, Hamstring tried to remove the grease with the greasy spatula that was in his hand. In even more pain, and now in a panic, Hamstring laid across his kitchen counter and doused his burn skin with water.

Unfortunately, at the same time, his frightened Siamese cat, Bojangles, ran along the kitchen counter knocking over one of Hamstring's Tony Awards. The small statue struck Hamstring on the back of the head knocking him unconscious. Hamstring drowned after the sink filled up with water. Police found

Weddings at an all time low since NHL lockout

CANADA (Star) - It's been months now since the NHL was locked out by "evil" millionaires and now it's really the ladies that are starting to cry for it's return.

"There's just been such a demand for it," says Maggie Benio, the director of Only Once Wedding Planners. "Our sales have sure been down."

In fact, marriages across the board are down because of hockey's greatest romance mechanism: The jumbotron proposal. "Girls are calling me from all over the country, crying for hockey. They'll pay anything to have their boyfriends pop the question."

But there can be compromises made and here are some alternatives:

1. First off, search the hockey archives. There's a pretty good chance that over the years someone with the same name as your fiancée has been proposed to. Now copy that onto a tape, put it in a big screen TV at the Sony store and you've got a pretty effective jumbotron equivalent.

2. If you can't find an archive proposal with your fiancée's name, start calling her by a nickname like Barbara, or Jennifer, or Dierdre or any other name you can find in the archives. Do this several weeks before the planned proposal then once again, pop in the tape.



3. If that whole tape thing isn't your bag, Minor league hockey's "regular-tron" is always an option. You may have to sit a little closer to the screen for your fiancée to notice, but the experience is almost the same.

4. If a jaunt to Victoria isn't out of the question I suggest a visit to Madame Tussaud's wax museum. There you'll find a rather impressive and life like wax Jumbotron. Rumor has it for an extra \$50 you can get your fiancée's name waxed into it. For an extra 25 you can get a question mark. Go for the \$75 package. It's worth it.

5. Lastly if money is no object have you considered sky writing?

As you can see this last part may help to ease any disappointment your fiancée has when the proposal is not on the jumbotron. And if all of this isn't up your alley, it's almost baseball season.

- Lena Schuck

University to Sell Lesser Degrees

UofT (Toike) - Taking a page from Ryerson College and Day Care, UofT will now be offering some of its lesser degrees for cash sale.

VP Carolyn Tuohy said, "Our office has decided that during the 2005-2006 fiscal-er, academic-year, in order to supplement budget shortfalls, some of our less intellectually-intensive degrees will be for sale on a University Web Store. Of course, we will respect our hallowed school's academic integrity: buyers will have to answer a skill testing question before purchase."

Upcoming at the webstore this spring is a UofT fine arts bachelor degree at \$69.99 or four very-low monthly installments of \$19.99. A History and a Greek Literature bachelor are also planned, as well as a limited-time-only Canada Day offer: an Environmental Science graduate degree!

Store manager and webmaster Derek Schroeder commented, "This one is for

all those who wish they could introduce themselves as 'doctor' and mean it... or in this case, be only partially lying."

The degrees are being touted as a short-cut to the fascinating world of food-preparation, above-ground pool sales, or small-engine maintenance. Revenue will be put towards much-needed repairs to the sprinkler system in many buildings, more micro-fiche, and a long-overdue Vicadine refill for ex-president. Brigueau.

Included with every purchase is a UofT beer cozy that may or may not be made from some recycled material. In addition, each degree comes with an embroidered tag attached that certifies its authenticity, actual name, date of birth, pet peeves, and cuteness factor.

Collect all 20!

- James Nairne



him face down in his sink wearing only a towel. A friend of Hamstring said its how he would have wanted to go.

Sebastian Hamstring had an extensive career in Theatre throughout his life. Getting his start as "Gum disease" in the American Dental Association's 1991 production of Hey Stupid, Brush your Teeth! his career took off after replacing Joey on Blossom for 3 episodes. After he hit stardom, Hamstring began to try his hand at musical theatre playing Lars Ulrich in Metallica: The Musical. His career ran into some troubles when Hamstring began to succumb to the forbidden white stuff. In 1997, Hamstring was bnoked on four counts

of Ivory dealing, being sentenced to 2 years in prison and a foreclosure on his Soap and Piano dealership.

Upon his release in 1999, Hamstring decided it was time to get back to his roots. It was a bold move, but he was a snash success "C" in The Association for Planned Parenthood's production of Hepatitis A B Cs. The musical was set to become a movie in summer 2005 but due to Hamstring's untimely death, it has been postponed.

Hamstring is survived by his cat Bojangles, his dog Roger, and his Robosapien Alexis.

- Aaron Peever

Dr. Toike's KING Lear



ACT I

SCENE i—Enter Lear, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, Kent.

Lear: I am sick, I am old, being King is not for me, I'm dividing up my kingdom, you can plainly see.

It's based on which of my daughters loves me the most, I can divide up my kingdom, while getting to hoast.

Goneril: I love you more than words can say, My love turns rain into a sunny day.

Yes, I love you more than rich and rare, Much like I love my father's care.

Lear: You must love me quite a bit, Your words are flattering, but take a sit.

Regan, 'tis your turn to suck up to me, Let's see if you love me more than she.

Regan: Indeed I do! As much as Goneril shows, But her words don't do justice, no siree no!

Although I'll never eat green eggs and ham, My love for you is not a sham.

Lear: [To Cordelia] Well, well, well, what pleasant things to hear, Is your love more than this would appear?

Cordelia: Love and he silent, that's what I'll do, This seems so fresh and frightfully new.

But I won't lie, and be a bother, I love you as a daughter should love her father.

Lear: I can make nothing of nothing, so you get zip, And I think I give Burgundy a juicy tip.

That you'll get nothing, not even a cow, He won't marry you, who would he now? France will marry you, in poor and good health, Surely he doesn't need any more wealth!

Kent: See better Lear, what are you, blind? It's for your own good, loosen up and unwind.

Lear: Shush Kent! Your warnings are lame, For that, I'm banning you, out of my game!

Regan: We must watch out, he's old and sick, He could turn on us, lickity-split.

Goneril: Lets ally together, we can't miss a beat, We must do something, and in the heat!

SCENE ii—Enter Edmund

Edmund: Oh hoohoo, I'm so depressed. I'm only a bastard, I'm not possessed, I'm not an ass, a jerk, a pest.

My daddy hates me, but I'll show him, I'm out to get him, just off the whim. Here he comes now, he won't suspect a thing. I'll just tuck this letter underneath my wing.

Enter Gloucester

Gloucester: Ho there Edmund, what have you there?

Edmund: Oh nothing fair daddy, please don't stare.

Gloucester: Now ohey me Edmund, just like sons should, Oh dear god! Edgar's up to no good!

I'd better he off, stopping him seems slim, If you find Edgar first, apprehend him!

Exeunt Gloucester, Enter Edgar

Edgar: How now brown cow? How's our old man?

Edmund: He ain't too happy, he just ran.

He's miffed about something, something you did. You are in a lotta trouble there kid.

SCENE iv—Enter Kent, Lear, Fool

Lear: Where's my fool, oh where did he go? Where's that fool, come hither, come ho!

Fool: Hello there Lear, you're looking dumb today, But I have advice for you, if I may.

Lear: Are you calling me a fool? Hey, that's not cool! You're the fool, not me, I'm royalty!

Enter Goneril

Goneril: Well, I suggest that the "royalty", cut his army short, A hundred knights? Make fifty deport!

Lear: How can you say that, those are my men, You have no right to dismiss fifty, twenty, or ten!

You're making life miserable, I'm going away, To Regan, where she will appreciate my stay!

SCENE v—Enter Fool, Lear

Fool: Boy you screwed up, there's nothing to do, You gave up your kingdom, to ungrateful shrews!

Lear: What are you saying, in your rhyming song, The way I see it, I've done nothing wrong.

ACT II

SCENE ii—Enter Kent, Oswald

Kent: You have letters against the king,

Oswald: No I don't, I have no such thing!

Kent: Are you lying to me? Do you want a piece?

Enter Goneril

Goneril: Stop this at once! The fighting must cease.

Why are you fighting? Enough I say, You'll go into the stocks, for all night and all day.

Kent: I trip that fool Oswald, quick as a fox, And for my loyalty, they stick me in the stocks.

What kind of treatment is that ask I? Not that of a good friend I sigh.

SCENE iv—Enter Lear, Kent, Fool

Lear: Why ho there Kent, you're in the stocks?

Kent: It is Goneril's doing, that I'm in these locks.

Fool: Ha, ha, ha, there's trouble a brewin, These girls most certainly know what they're doing

First your knights, and then poor Kent, The minds of these girls are most certainly bent.

Lear: I AM THE KING, oh, can't they see? I am very angry, this vexes me. I demand to see Goneril, where does she he?

Enter Goneril

Goneril: I'm tired from travel, come later to see.

Lear: I must see you now, yield to my might!

Goneril: I have just finished firing fifty of your knights.

Lear: Ugh, I am terribly vexed, I need a nap. Why do my daughters treat me like crap?

I have done nothing for them to treat me so sour, I gave them my kingdom, my land, my power.

My castle is locked, and I have nothing to gain. This is the last straw, I'm going insane



the Fool

Lear: I care not for tones, or telephones, Especially not for the weather's deep moans.

Hurry up, get in you fool!

Fool: Alas, I am nothing but a tool!

Edgar: Poor Tom, he's so cold, He's aged and old, neither bold, nor told. That's it, I fold! I am out of this game I've so rudely pulled.

Kent: Wow, he's crazy!

SCENE ii—Enter Lear, Fool, Kent

Lear: Brika-brack, smick and smack, These coarse winds do blow and whack, Thunder strikes and lightning cracks!

Kent

Regan



Fool: Or just terribly lazy?

Lear: Neither lazy nor crazy, Just a little hazy.

But a scolar he be, as crazy as me!

Enter Gloucester

Gloucester: Come everyone, into the hovel we go, This weather is bad and terrible I know.

It makes people insane, and the insane go dumb, I've got to sit down, my bum is numb.

SCENE v—Enter Cornwall, Edmund

Cornwall: I'll bust him, I'll break him, I'll rip out his guts, I'll take a knife and remove his nuts.

Edmund: I thank you dear sire, let me honour thy sword, It is my duty to serve you, Lord.

Cornwall: I put on my pants one leg at a time, Just like you, as I cite this rhyme.

The only difference is, I will tell you this now, When my pants are on, I am more evil than thou!

SCENE vii—Enter Cornwall, Regon, Goneril

Cornwall: Get me that Gloucester, get him at once! We'll punch and kick and poke and pounce.

Regan: Hang him! Kill him!

Goneril: Pluck out his eyes!

Cornwall: Leave it to me, I am plenty wise.

Regan: There's the creep, lets put him to sleep

Cornwall: I'll plunk out his eyes, now, not a peep...

Narrator: Then suddenly from nowhere, Cornwall was stabbed, Stabbed through heart, leaving no scabs.

It was by the servant, but unluckily for him, Regan stabbed back, quick as a whim.

ACT IV

SCENE i—Enter Edgor, Gloucester

Edgar: Oh woe is me, I am so low, I've gotten as low as I can go.

This tree confines me, I must break free, Is that my father? Yes! There he be!

Gloucester: I'm feeling bad, I feel like a shmuck. The chances are, I'm pretty fucked. Yes, I'm pretty fucked, and its not much fun, Un-fucking myself is not easily done.

I need some help, and in a jiff. Can you lead me to Dover, and to the cliff?

Edgar: T'would be my pleasure, I'm a go-getter, I've seen the worst, things can only get better.

SCENE VI—Enter Gloucester, Edgor

Gloucester: Now, you're sure we're very high in the air?

Edgar: Just look down! but please take care.

Gloucester: Alack! I have no eyes you fool!

Edgar: Take my word, don't worry, its cool.

Edgar: Oh my gosh, you survived the fall! It's not your time to die, that was awful tall,

Gloucester: That voice is familiar, coming so near, He sounds quite mad! Is that Lear I hear?

Lear: Looky there! It's Goneril with a beard, Oh wait, it's Gloucester, his face all teared.

Gloucester: Yes, it's me, hmm, look over here! It would appear that it's the search party for Lear!

Narrator: And over there was Oswald, planning his worst. But it was too late, Edgar stabbed him first.

Edgar: As I read this letter that Oswald has, I see his evil, lets ruin they're plans!

Father, I've lied, it wasn't much fun, I'm not Tom, I'm really your son!

ACT V

SCENE i—Enter Regon, Edmund, Goneril

Regan: You love my sister? Is this true?

Edmund: In honoured love, but I love you too.

Regan: Tell her thou lovest me even more.

Edmund: She is so ugly and such a bore.

Exeunt Edmund, Regon

Albany: Annihilate, murder, stab and kill! Now then all of you know my will.

Curse that France for invading our land, I shall smite them with my very own hand.

Edgar: Sir, I have this letter I found, It has ideas and plots unsound.

All I ask, when the time is right, Let the trumpet sound out bright, And out will come a diligent knight,

SCENE ii—Enter Edgor, Gloucester

Edgar: Father, here, hide in this tree, Stay here safe, safe as can be.

Exeunt Edgor

Gloucester: I wish he'd come back, whatever the cost...

Enter Edgor

Edgar: Aww crap! Lear lost! He was raped and beaten and brutally tossed,

Poor old fool, and his daughter too, There is simply nothing to do.

SCENE iii—Enter Cordelio, Lear, Guord

Cordelia: Please don't make me cry and wail

Lear: Heavens no, lets go to jail! In that cage, living life without fail. In this prison, people come and go. Some people are great, while others are low.

We'll dance and hop, until we drop, Flop, mop, and plop, we'll never stop, Talking about those who succeed to the top!

Captain Guard: And what if this rhyming were never to stop? Over and over until our head doth pop!

My head, it hurts, stop this I say, Guards guards, take them away!

I was given this note to carry out, By Edmund, so I will not pout. It's mans work, so I'm not complaining, It probably outlines Lear and Cordelia's hanging.

Enter Regon, Goneril, Edmund, Albany; Exeunt Leor, Guard

Regan: Slide and slick, I feel so sick!

Goneril: [aside] I poisoned her, ha! What a kick!

Exeunt Goneril, Regan

Albany: Where is Cordelia and where is Lear, We need them now, right now right here.

Edmund:

The fitting hanging that will take place, But it will go soon, so, let's make haste.

Albany: I have a letter involving treason and thee, By the state of Britain, arrested you be

Sound the trumpets, sound them I say, You my dear Edmund will certainly pay. [Trumpets sound 3 times, no one comes]

A few more times, he should come on down. Can't he count? Sound them loud!! [Trumpet sounds 3 more times]

Enter Edgor

Edgar: There you go with the numbers again! I failed finite, I couldn't tell when

Now you my brother, confess your deed, Draw your sword, you'll heed indeed!

Edmund: Most fitly spoken, but you will be broken! A loser are you, and cowardly too.

[they fight, Edmund accidentally kills Albany, Albany falls to the floor]

Albany: I have been slain, I am sure! dying.

Gloucester

[Edgar and Edmund stare with confused looks]

Narrator: Wait... Albany isn't supposed to be dying

Albany: I kid you, I am certainly lying.

[Battle continues, Edmund is slain]

Edmund: The blood it drips, pitter putter, Look at it drip, spitter and sputter, Black is white, up is down, I'll never have my father's crown.

Narrator: Regan and Goneril, both are mad, One was poisoned, the other was stabbed!

Albany: Now that all this is through and done, And the battle is fought and won.

Bring Cordelia, and bring Lear, Bring them both over here.

Narrator: But Cordelia is most certainly dead, She was strangled around the head.

Enter Leor

Lear: Oh horrid, icky, awful day! Oh, look at her body sit and lay. Oh dear God, how can this be, A horse have life, but not she. [he dies]

Albany: Oh my, oh my, everyone died, I must say, that's not a surprise.

But who will take the throne now, I will not, no way, no how

Edgar: I will take it, sure as can be, I am the King and the King is me.

Goneril

Cordelia

Ask ROSA

Your Repository of Smart-ass Advice

If you have a question about life, love or school, ROSA has an answer. If you are in need of advice, you have come to the wrong place. But we'll try and help you any way we can.

Please send your questions to toike@skule.ca.



Dear ROSA,

I've always wondered: what do snack foods do when we're not around?

Chase Gregory Milton III

Dear Chase,

Ah, I've gotten this question many a time. And every time people ask I tell the story of Smarties and Doritos. It's a simple story that will make you laugh and cry and maybe think twice about consuming those salted treats.

You see snack food are a lot like people. While in those machines they form alliances and bonds. They have feuds and quarrels and sometimes they even fall in love. This is a story of love. This is a story of a bag of Doritos and a box of regular Smarties.

The two met while the chips were being stocked. "It was really weird," said Rodney Frack, the student responsible for the machine, "when I was putting the Doritos in the machine a box of Smarties somehow snagged on and it took me 20 minutes to separate them."

For three days the box of Smarties had to spend its time in the bottom of the machine while the Doritos bag was on top with the rest of the chip bags, the two separated by several shelves of snack food. The long nights seemed like an eternity for them both. The bag of Doritos even tried to jump down the shelves to be with Smarties but was unable to get through the looped metal things holding him back.

I hope that answers all your questions.

Dear ROSA,

What the hell is "DVORAK"?

Confused

Dear Confused,

Ekxpat t.fxrpeo ap. naf.e rgy mrp. .uucjc.bynf or yday 1337 daq0po jab yfl. p.annf uaoyv

l,b,ev

Dear ROSA,

Why the hell am I always partnered with a Chinese guy in labs?

Ricky Chen

Dear Ricky,

Take a look at Chinese last names Ricky. You'll probably notice that most of them are Chen, Chong, Chu, Chang, etc. Notice any similarities?

My friend Wing Liang has the same problem (with Liu, Liao and Ling). And so does George Wong! The concept of name duality doesn't stop at the Chinese either. My name is ROSA McGee, and when I was in school, I was stuck with Johnny McTeirny, Roger McCann and Freddy McDonalds. So grab a straw and suck it up.

Dear ROSA,

Where the fuck is my opt-out money?

Tommy James

Dear Tommy,

You probably think that the money is going to health insurance and a dental plan but how much could that cost a year? You see the money collected is actually used to invest in something crazy and wild every year (last year it was moonpies) and once a profit is made the money can then be returned to the students.

Now this year SAC thought it'd be smart to take all our money and invest in JETSGO. And we all know what happened with that.

So you won't be seeing it for a while. Get over it.

Say What?

Spring is here and you all know that warmer weather means less clothing. So we at the Toike were wondering: what's stopping YOU from being naked?

Why aren't you naked right now?



"My prof says I need to start wearing clothes to class... And I can't have another lawsuit on my hands."



"My genitals have been scorched."



"Hey, why aren't I naked right now?"



"I'm embarrassed about my penis size."



"The chaffing stopped so I can wear spandex again. That's not what you asked, was it?"



"I don't tell a lot of people this but I have a fear of nudity. If I take off a layer of clothing and see any skin I'd scream and faint. Ahhhhhh!!!"



"I have a contagious rash surrounding my upper torso. If I rub my bare ass on anything it'll spread and result in serious bouts of diarrhea."



"There are small children around."



"It's not my birthday."

Why are you naked right now?



"If sharing the glory of my nudity is wrong, then baby, I don't ever wanna be right."



"There are small children around..."



"Because I'm stalking a gazelle... I'm a lion. Grrrrrrrrrr!!!!"



"I like the draft."



"Clothes are for the ugly and oppressed."



"Giggidy giggidy giggidy"



"I'm meeting my prof after class."



"I'm not naked - I've still got my European carry-all."



"My friend George and I had a bet that I couldn't go a day without clothes. Now my nipples are frozen."

Presenting...

Cover ideas we didn't use

Hey kids! With only 8 issues per year, we can't use all of the cover ideas that we come up with throughout the year. So, here's some of the cover ideas that we didn't use... just so that they don't go to waste! Enjoy!

TOIKE Cruise Lines

Leave your troubles behind...

"SEM DIA QUICK! MY ROOM WAS FACING TIME BUT I GET HERE ON!"

"HEY GET ME TRU CUSTOMS SO FAST IT'S LIKE BEY SNACK ME IN BRUN"

"HEY VER ZO ORGINIZED, I EVEN GOT A BAYWAST VILES I VATED"

"I GO FOR THE RIDE EH! I'M ALREADY CANADIAN!"

"I HAD TO TRAVEL IN A CRATE BUT I DON'T LIKE SHUPLIN BONO ANYWAYS MATE"

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PLAYTOIKE

Entertainment for Engineers

Doesn't she look hot?

Ladies of the 20's (for those who like it old school)

20Q PEEWEE Herman

Women of Sodexo CENTERFOLO

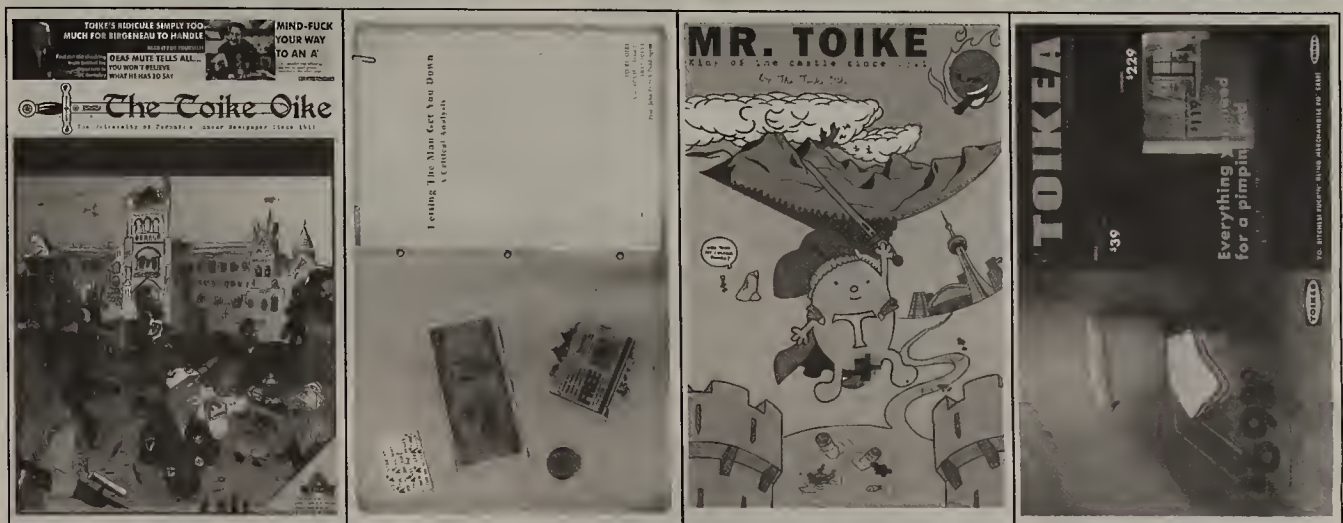
Playtoike's Top 25 PARTY SCHOOLS

udel crude! ludel ncent, unbound

CREAM YOUR PANTS, INSIDE!

THE TOIKE OIKE: 2004-2005 YEAR IN REVIEW

IT'S BEEN A WILD RIDE FOLKS. HERE'S A SUMMARY OF THE PAST YEAR

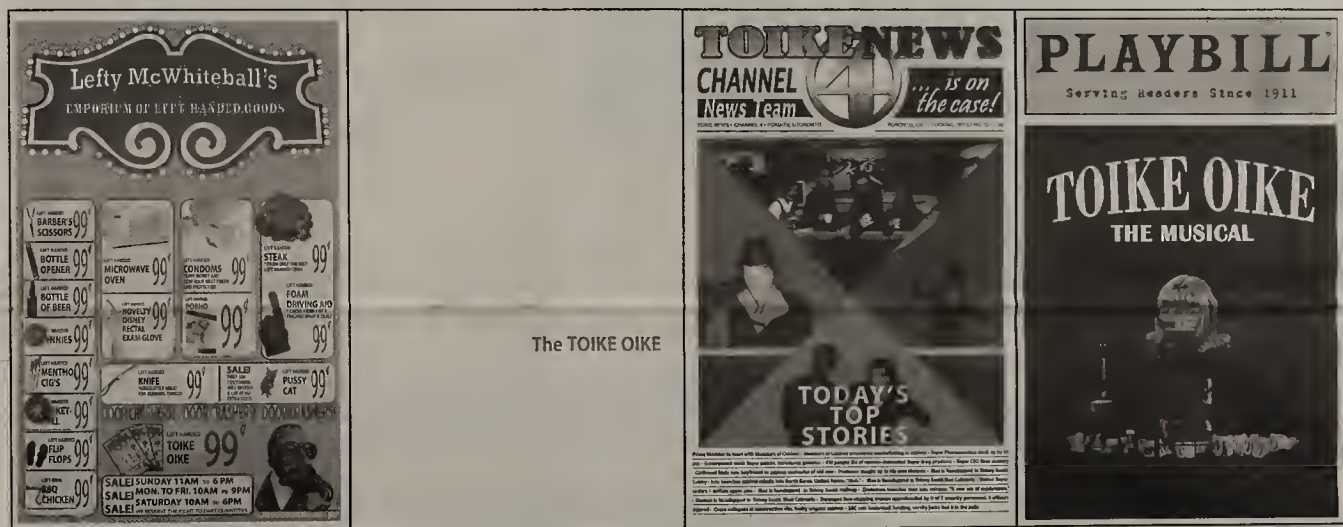


The Frosh Issue - September 2004

The Essay Issue - October 2004

The Kids Issue - November 2004

The Ikea Issue - December 2004



The Left Handed Issue - January 2005

The White Issue - February 2005

The News Issue - March 2005

The Farewell Issue - April 2005



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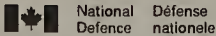
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New for Fall 2005

A one-year post diploma/degree certificate program

Autism and Behavioural Science

Over recent decades, the incidence of autism has been escalating. It is now estimated that three to five children in every one thousand are affected. In Ontario, there is an urgent need for skilled practitioners to provide programming for these children.



Become an Intensive Behaviour Intervention Specialist. Beginning fall 2005, St. Lawrence College, Kingston is offering a post diploma/post degree one-year (two semesters) certificate program in Autism and Behavioural Science.

The provincial goal is to have at least 80 trained Instructor Therapists by April 2006 and at least 180 by 2009. Opportunities for graduates include:

- Instructor Therapists for regional providers of the preschool program
- Private providers of Intensive Behaviour Intervention (IBI) therapy to families under the supervision of regional providers of the preschool program
- Autism specialists in service agencies
- Employment with school boards for delivery of programs for children with autism

*Do you want to make a difference to autistic children?
Do you have a community service program diploma or a degree in social science?*

For more information on this program or others,
call Recruitment at 1-800-463-0752,

email lialson@sl.on.ca or visit our website at www.sl.on.ca

This Ontario College Certificate program in Autism and Behavioural Science was made possible by a grant from the Ministry of Training, Colleges and Universities.



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There. All done.

ON!

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-beep

Hello, you're my Robot, I built you.

-beep

Or try out your Anti Missile defence Lasers!

-beep

where are you going?

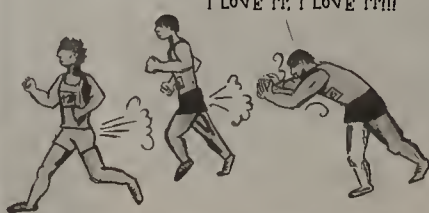
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WHAT THE HELL! My CASSETTE TAPES!

The Land of Opposites
by Stuart Gots

by Stuart Gots

OHOO YAAA!!
I LOVE IT, I LOVE IT!!!



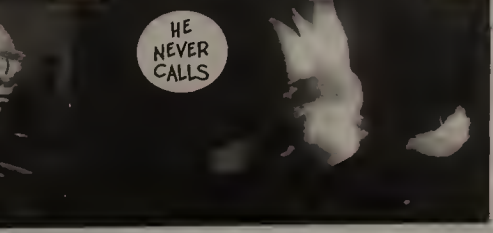
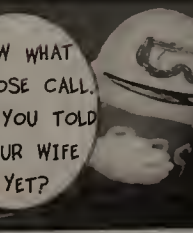
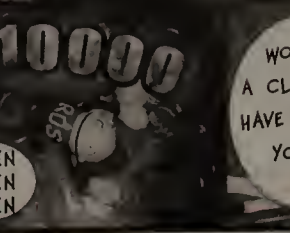
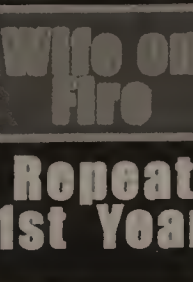
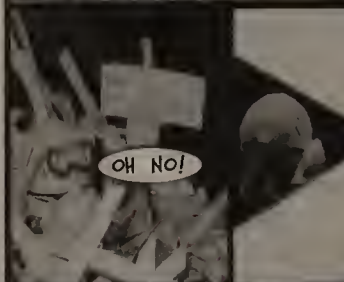
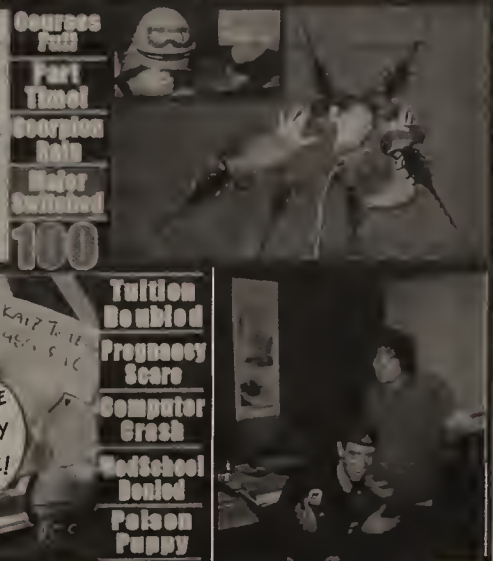
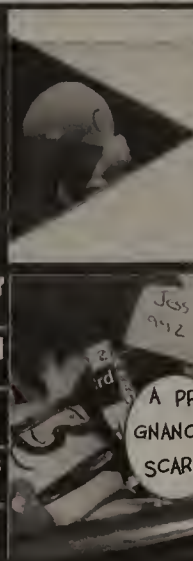
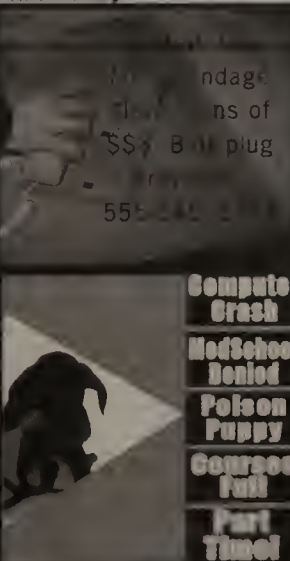
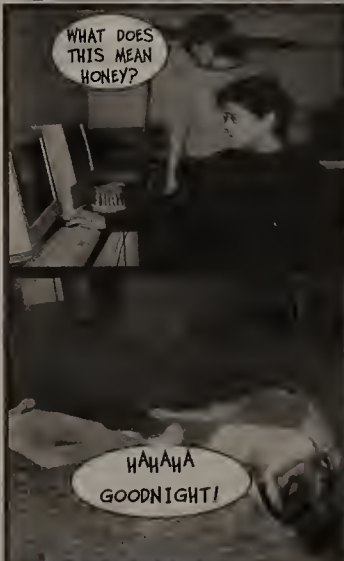
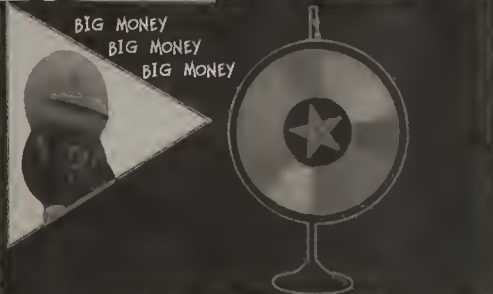
In the Land of Opposites,
Farts Smell Good!!!

FOR GODS SAKE
SHE LOVES
YOU, SHE LOVES YOU...

DUNCAN

SOMEBODY HATES YOU

By Peter Suddard
Todd Hinchart



★ JUST FOR KIDS! ★

Hey Kids, I know you're bored sitting in the theatre, even though your parents are really into it for some reason. Here's your chance to keep occupied while the 'rents are watching RENT.

You're invited to JesusFest2005, but uh oh! Jesus has gotten lost in all the religious fervour! Navigate the hoards of Christian fun to locate the divine saviour and his posse. But that's not all. Keep your eyes peeled for all of the bonus items which were hidden by Satan so that Jesus couldn't find them. Help find Jesus, then help him find his stuff!

BONUS ITEMS!

- Jesus' Sandals
- Glass of wine
- Crucifix
- WWJD Wristband
- Stick Fake Jesus
- Stick Spiderman
- Stick Monkey
- Stick Waldo
- Stickman named Jack
- Stick Santa
- Slice of Rhubarb Pie
- Lost Hard Hat
- Lost Iron Ring
- Lost Carbon Nanotube
- Lost wallet
- Disco Ball



HE'S HIDING IN THIS SCENE!

HAVE YOU FOUND JESUS YET?

NOW WITH EYE BOGGLING EXTRAS!